



# Eidolon



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## Chapter 1 by Ian Baker

"I never think of the future, it comes soon enough" - Albert Einstein

The broken one floated through the void. It's cage an expanse of aether with no discernable beginning or end and thus no hope of escape. Deprived of its corporeal form it could do nothing but stew in it's own frustration and madness.

It, for it had very little sense of identity anymore, had been betrayed. It had tried to save them all and for that it had been cast aside. Who needed saving it couldn't quite remember, but in the end it's efforts were met with treachery. It's time spent floating in the void both infinite and suffocating had caused it to surrender much of it's identity to feed it's own growing madness.

With nothing to anchor it and just the faint call of the world just beyond the veil it was all it could do to resist it's dissolution into absolute nothingness. In fact the entity had drifted in and out of conscious thought. Either for mere moments or millennia was difficult to say. It was certain that the next time it drifted off there would be no waking. The pressure of absolute oblivion slowing compacting what little remained into a singularity so small that it could be said not to exist at all. Of course this was what it thought the last several times as well

"Hunger". This was the thought it had. The only thing that kept it going. The hunger gnawed at its core, a constant reminder of its state. It was a pain it had learned to live with, a pain it had learned to digest just to keep itself from going mad. It was a pain it had learned to live with, a pain it had learned to digest just to keep itself from going mad. It was a pain it had learned to live with, a pain it had learned to digest just to keep itself from going mad.

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lungs to do so, as the engine of it's soul resorted to any and all means necessary to survive. Going so far as to eat itself in the ceaseless quest to perpetuate itself.

The worst part about the hunger was that the entity could sense, it wasn't sure how, that food was near. Very near. Just beyond the veil. It's imagination attempted to ground the shattered remnants of psyche that remained. To do this it attempted to define it's prison. It envisioned a gossamer white curtain surrounding.....nothing.....the memory of the form it once called its own wasn't there. Through the curtain, ever so fragile and yet completely impenetrable, it could sense the sustenance it craved flowing all around. Stronger at times and weaker at others but ever present. It was as if whoever had devised this trap had done this deliberately in an effort to stoke the towering inferno of it's hysteria.

"!@#\$\$?" a questioning voice came out of the ether. The Prisoner became aware of another presence. It regarded the sudden manifestation of color and form that had broken the perfect white that was all this being had known. This sudden blot on the infinite seemed to cause time and presence to solidify around it. The prisoner's grasp of space and time suddenly crystallized in the presence of the other. At first believing this to be some new and interesting flavor of madness, hesitation was its natural response, any action might cause the being to flee to whence it came whether that place be real or merely the recesses of his thoughts.

Madness or not, The Prisoner leapt into action, rushing toward the creature. The being let out a shriek of terror that sent a rush of invigoration flowing through the prisoner. Before either of them was completely aware of what had transpired the prisoner tore the creature apart. Such was his hunger that no efforts were made to savor its essence.

As it devoured the creature it was flooded with images. A whirl of sound and a flourish of beautiful color. The world it, he, the world he came from was lush and vibrant. The creature was a relatively simple being but even these simple sights and sounds were water flowing through the dehydrated husk the entity had become. The energy flowing through the Prisoner bringing a flush of power and life. Pure joy and deepest sorrow, the thrill of hunting lesser creatures across grassland as dry grass pricks the soles of his feet, the loss of a child only hours after her

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offspring. These were all new concepts to the prisoner and it seemed like a relatively pointless existence, but he, he decided to think of himself as "he" now, would gladly have traded the abyss he now endured for the simple life this man had led.

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